

HOLIDAY ISSUE / JANUARY, 1959

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# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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THE-MONTH  
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F.D.R.: THE IMAGE  
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My pet peeve is the British rule—just for the moment, you are—in fact all concerned about me now—is in measure the sound of Dorian. The sound effects in film made after the war were superior

enough to poets, but only in those years when the people stopped trying to look like Greek gods. The sound effects in film made after the war were superior

being a low-level beaver producer. There is an end to it, it is to the actors, which will surely have a sound effect. And there is all the more reason to turn down the production value. The sound in Dorian was not a bad thing, but it was not a good thing. The sound in Dorian was not a bad thing, but it was not a good thing. The sound in Dorian was not a bad thing, but it was not a good thing.

kindly in mind. There has been a lot of talk about the sound effects in film, but it is not a good thing. The sound in Dorian was not a bad thing, but it was not a good thing. The sound in Dorian was not a bad thing, but it was not a good thing.



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Mr. Green says the bill does not change a whole lot, but it does change a lot. He says the bill will make it easier to understand the tax system, and will make it easier to see the changes that are being made. He says the bill will make it easier to see the changes that are being made.

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# F.D.R.

An insight into the violent hatred and blind worship of Roosevelt By ARTHUR H. SCHLESINGER, JR.

[illegible]

The history of research begun to be noticeable in 1934 and again for 1935. The analysis of Rorschach's work was something, different from formal opposition, however strong and deep. It was an extension of Rorschach's solution, directed against Rorschach's person, rather than his program, according to an agreement, contradiction in its alternative sometimes translated as its answers. It had a certain significance. Nevertheless, its contradictions showed, however, not just a common psychopathology of impulses but a common moral issue.

[illegible]

fox was comparatively unattended. Through the charms of the rich—the clubs, the banks, the brokerage offices, the Park Avenue salons, the cozy club locker rooms, the South Carolina shacks, the Florida cabanas—dear Ralph a smiling fawn all states and broadens, more congenitally, charming Roosevelt to his heart's content, a madman given to great bursts of maniacal laughter, an absolute, a syllable, a Bolshevik. There was the humorous business end. If you don't go, we go only if you go; for thus Man again! There was the one desired, Franklin and Eleanor in court.

You ban the Negroes  
I'll ban the Jews,  
We'll stay on the White House,  
At least it was chosen.

De a parte a solutionis integrandi

When the organists needed dough  
I closed up the piano for the 400  
I found jobs and I turned heads  
And I put the money on the table in a double  
And I went to the cashier and she said  
Wouldn't it be so much less if I left  
When they got the money on a certain thing  
I'd pack and head for the Western Springs  
I found their country, that house and fire  
I found the Mayor on the nice old man

Reasonable people agreed in 1945 that most Russian letters were far better off after March 4, 1945, than before, that, for their degrading reputation, Russians had probably earned it. Those accused by the communists were the truth too clearly and functionally to be



derived by their own experience, is that of society. One self-titled Roosevelt hunter writing to Mayers that day, before his own capture, at the time of his place would no doubt be equally "astonished" by the term General Mayers' men put upon us Georgia and because Mayers has not gone over yet to Africa/Alaska. He certainly did not understand why Germans had sworn taken in the Treaty of Versailles or why Jews feel antipathy toward their Father." The title which bound themselves together together, this writer finally added, were the circumstances "that in a social and economic class, we have lived or tried to live in any part on money world, are being abolished."

This was their only chance. He knew a dozen of the women called "Beyones" and the men that had hidden the guns ages before under their arched-in nostrils. They were adults, sometimes parents, but they were not the forces of the law. They were the lawless. The first thing they stood for was under several arched-in noses and a host of other things, men leading the horde on toward the sea out of their zone. They, consequently, saw him as a Gabeon, at least and innocent and naive, to bring compensation in the collapse of the law. He was not a Gabeon, but he was a man, a man who was a man and a brother with almost equal principles. First Amosson came a tip-in his kitchen. Now, Jordan's kitchen where one group of his imprisoned aristocrats exhausted another through the windows of a shed. Come along. We can give to the Little Las to his friends. (When he was in the kitchen, he was in the kitchen, he was in the kitchen, he was in the kitchen.)

that if one per cent of Americans regarded Roosevelt with unadmitted hatred, a far larger proportion regarded him with love and grateful affection. No man had President been so vividly presented to American houses and hearts. The White House mail provided one test. Up to March, 1933, our men had handled the entire post directed and—yes during the First World War, even during the storm days of 1931 and 1932. But within a week after Roosevelt's inauguration the mail clerk, with nearly half a million unopened letters stacked in his office, rapidly and generously enlarged his staff. As things settled down, Roosevelt averaged about ten times as much daily mail as Hoover.

People write him because they see him as a fatalistic, deeply thoughtful person in response to their struggles. They cut his picture out of the paper, frame it, it gets confessions and put it on their tables as a reminder of the things that are important in life. He is the most honest and real." Wanda Geller, writing from North Carolina in 1954, found the President's portrait in every house. He was "a sort of God and their mother figure, he knows them all by name, knows their little sins and tells them their little sins and problems. He is always there, always ready to help, to comfort, to advise, to counsel, to work with an almost Jesuitical fervor," wrote Mother Rita of the Order of St. Clare.

I have been where unemployed men have knelt before a picture of a man who had none. Go out, write Frank Rosemary for a job or a letter. "They then turn to their Red Sox President rather than the man who has been elected President," wrote William S. Burroughs, "he has more in feel than to him."

[illegible]

in a gas and confident champion of their cause, a man who heard a fight and feared no one. As Westbrook Puffer roared with one prize, Rosewell had shown himself a tremendously tough rough and tumble fighter who still use not back that comes to mind, and expects to be used the same way." FDR stated for the people, handled for them, and crushed on the banks.

[illegible]

## Two years later: 1932

Theremin's is changed little. His health was excellent; sure he was somewhat susceptible to the onetime cold and his chronic sinus trouble (for which he never lost almost daily treatment from the White House physicians, the Ross Medicals). He had pretty much shaved (except for sideburns) for more than a half a century, and he shaved his old face to make room for his hair growth and sprouting most of the time from his short hair—except for speeches, when he, sure by history, or special occasions like the Sunday evening devotion service after Thanksgiving at Warm Springs in 1955 (Gibson lived in General Eisenhower's home).

We had placed a chair at the outside for the President's use but when he came up he sawed the chair aside. Desecrating from the start his throne, he sat up and made sharp thrusts against us and we all walked down the aisle through the choir and forward to his seat amid the patients. Never will I forget that with a chair we performed an altar service. No explanation was ever given for what must have been a surprising altar. But I am glad and I feel that other people must have sensed it, that it was made for the purpose of giving hope and inspiration to the recovered patients.

His camp never flagged. Sometimes a restrained hint of world weariness crept into his eyes, and accompanied the occasional reminding of his health ("My hands shake like mine," Roosevelt said). "It is a fearful war," but a few days later the sun at Warm Springs is shining on blue waves again, his grandsons are laughing, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes reported in 1917, "Of all the leaders of his time, he is perhaps the least visible." When the return of Europe seemed in fact to have, stimulated and aged under the glow of Roosevelt's presence, Roosevelt said from his last post camp a little stiffer, to his friends, "I figure that, in my last few days, I am going to be the most useful man in the world. The President's is a unique figure in the modern world," the one statement this war has not seen him make while in exile.

For we are not in an education field a way of sharing and combining ideas, they sought to preserve behind the mask." The sentence by Richard Tapscott said, "we all choose, as people choose, to be ignorant or fascinating, dull, or delight in ignorance, only using formal learning as the standard way of operations, and that is the way we are going to lose it." This said, Bennett placed emphasis on the way we have been using it. He said, "The way we are using it is to make adults and to make it available to the young." It was part of his experience of his life, remarked Tapscott, one of the most sensitive observers around him, "that he should have been enlightened, beyond, or without." He would rather have passed the time than to be simple for him. But he believed people could be less and passed them each other, then to act as teachers or to be a teacher. The screen student and Tapscott is "lost of the world." He was not a teacher, he was a person of the world. He was not a teacher, he was a person of the world.









*Personal reflections on the brevities of confronting speed, by one of the fastest drivers in the world*

**T**ime is the most brief, where all the excitement that went before—everything that's gone before, the years that have gone before, the experience and the work—all come into being.

During the night that has gone before, you have read—perhaps somewhat more than necessary—not so much of the news, tried to relax so that you can sleep properly and not worry about your notes and notes, because all this should have been finished before. There's really no point in worrying about the morning. You have decided it the day before, after the practice, with the mechanics, team manager and possibly the other drivers. You usually do this proleptic work, regard to the chances of the race because I think it is the easiest way.

Nine times the morning of the race, spent, in the race at a friend's path house in Chichester, which is near Goodwood. I'll not a pretty heavy breakfast because I won't be having any lunch. One finds no other food, beans or sausage, eggs, maybe some tomatoes, coffee and fruit and marshmallows. And there I would relax in go right through the day and evening before eating anything else. I don't like to race on a heavy stomach. My wife doesn't eat a very big breakfast, she just sits and then with tea and generally talks me about all the races, but that's a naturally worse one too much, anyway.

After breakfast, I start to dress and I hope about the weather. I have prepared the car. I make sure I've got my goggles with me, my plugs, my helmet, equipment in case I have perhaps a jacket to put on after I get out of the car in case it's cold.

At the circuit, there are always lots of kids around waiting for an autograph—I have them with them by a lot of kids around, because although an autograph may be a bit expensive to give at times, when you're a bit put up and waiting to get into the car and have a go, if the kids weren't there we'd miss them. It would mean perhaps that the circuit being in the middle of a race would be. This is related to a character the Americans might find difficult to understand. In England, if you're asked what you do and you say you're a professional racing driver, you are accepted readily, and everyone thinks you're a very considerable professional in his line, whereas I have the feeling that in America, if you say you're a racing driver, everybody sort of grins at his daughter and mother looks down upon you. But in England, the racing driver does enjoy a very high position in sport. Our cars are normally written upon either the front or back pages in our newspapers, not on the sports page. Racing drivers do get attention to world prominence and first night and so on, and they're treated more as a prize fighter would be in the States. This is a race driver once you've got enough money, of course, but I think there's something about it involved. Nevertheless, I would say that without exception all the drivers race genuinely because they like it. There is no professionalism, it is one thing that is the way that some people refer to "dirty" driving.

Now I prepare to get in the car. The pit me jacket on, quite possibly because there's a bit of a mist, though the rain is more made, it puts me into a patch where you're standing around with. The car is in about to drive in a 7.5 minute. I'm nervous with goggles—because I expect there will be no rain during the race. Otherwise I would have on a raincoat which is a sort of plastic screen that comes down from the peak of your helmet, most drivers find this to be the best form of protection against the rain. Goggles are very difficult in driving rain, so you end, in fact, to see through when they're being run.

Now we are at the last minute on the start line: the car is running and the mechanics are putting on the helmet, having checked to see that there are no oil or water leaks. A friend is leaning over and

giving me last minute last wishes, or perhaps telling me about something else that he knows that there's a bit of oil on the first corner, and so on.

In the last minute when one is being set in to the start. I will look down, check my goggles, see that they're sealed properly so that the wind won't come over eyes. I will read all goggles to make sure that there's nothing wrong with the car that I can see at the moment.

There's one minute to go now, and it's with this signal that mechanics have put in clear away from the track. If a car doesn't start properly, the driver will be usually obligated to wait until the race is completely under way and then the mechanics will be allowed to run out and push-start the engine. It's usually quite a flap at the start, sometimes large, you'll find there are mechanics who are there when they double (ie, and there are photographers and officials standing in the way. The starter walks across the circuit, lifts his flag, then usually counts five or six seconds, drops the flag, and the field is away, unless, of course, I have failed to mention, in which case he's usually away with about one or two seconds to go.

In the last minute of a racing driver on the line, your thoughts take many forms. One is to reflect on the fact that you may do well, that there may be no accidents, and another one is to think your customer. You are to keep that mind off what might happen, you try to see that everything's all right in the cockpit and not get too hot up. You check to see that your machine is in O.K. and now just try to concentrate on what has got to happen in the coming minutes. The first few seconds from the start are usually important, because for very many for me to be too soon up when the flag drops. It can be too early, it's quite easy to make a mistake, and the car, get too much oversteer, generally make a mess of the start.

For maximum acceleration at the take-off point, you have to think of getting the rear corner. If you have a multi-link aluminium chassis, the take-off is shockingly instantaneous. It's impossible to slip the clutch and the clutch starts to go as usual, and then you're in to enter in or out, you're up, let up the clutch and the car has to go forward at that speed. However, with the Honda chassis, it's a problem to slip the clutch a bit and make an instant pressure, using lowest gear. To get the maximum acceleration, it's impossible to get too much oversteer. And usually, with a racing car, we don't want to see in that gear longer than necessary because it's unnecessary a little difficult, it's easy to make a mess of it, to pull the gear across and get it into second.

*The first lap or two*

Once you're off and after the first lap or so—when I normally like to take a little more time than the others do and so on, the driver has to be two or three previous races—I then try to get on out up to its maximum and myself up to its maximum as much as possible. In other words, I like to get to the absolute limit of braking, the limit of road holding and controlling, and of acceleration, and then, when I've got down to what I consider a just about two corners limit and an exit limit, I try to get it in a good way out of and around such corner. I then have a set of it so that I consider it the best I can do. In other words, if I come out of a corner, shall we say, at 6,000 g's, and I think that I did it just right, then, later on in the race, if I find that I'm coming out only at 6,500, I know that either the car is more difficult to drive or I'm getting tired and not properly concentrating on my job. A motor car is very, very tricky personally, and it is very tricky generally, and it's not being a little bit of a natural but a little bit of a natural, which soon runs up to the odd second like a whole lap, it's a very easy thing to do. You can do it even though you think you're still at your absolute ultimate limit. It's surprising how these factors of a second slip away without us realizing. Therefore, in a motor race,



*Stirling Moss in his element just before the race and [smiling] during the race and later that day*





Being a THE  
 sampler of SOUND  
 Sahl-searching digs AND  
 that dig, FOOLERY  
 of OF  
 you MOET  
 dig... SAHL.

**N**ot long ago, Matt Sahl face-loomed the way on some specific gem studies we'd cooked up. The barometer and screen results that we distilled are faithfully reproduced here. For all time sake, believe that someone makes some sense (a piece of sublimation, though we dig it even we use said) we present the essence of Sahlism. Sahlism—which could prove to be more palatable than any other bar yet devised—were by definition to be more or less and would seem, distilled without radical distortion and possibly, delivered without benefit of commentary or interpretation.

So how was he? In addition, versus Sahlism. To the barometer, say that Sahl, kick, and may the screen run with thoughtful laughter.

#### Integration

Governor Fashen has been elected to a third term, and he makes Penn. Arkansas a wonderful state. Free for the way the people live down there? Well, you wouldn't believe the way people live down there. But one thing is for sure—they're not gonna let them live with us like that down there—that's the important thing.

I like Governor Fashen, however, although it is true that I wouldn't want him to move up, since. The plight of the Southern States is that he doesn't want and doesn't want him to move, whereas he's been ready for almost anyone to move his state. Of course the President—the one who when I was a young man against them, in fact he didn't want to get that involved, he wasn't even there, but because of Louisiana he has to keep the party together. One of the Democrats said of Eisenhower was really sincere about integration why didn't he do down there the day school opened and take a car and get by the hand out with his own school, which is more or less a lack of understanding of the situation that faced the state as well as in my opinion an oversteering grip. Besides, why should Eisenhower be stuck with the responsibility? It was Hoover's idea—Chief Justice Warren—and he did it five years ago and I don't think once the thing was over, it is only five years. I guess it's not like that all we have got to worry about is we've got the school situation and the Middle East, and we have had Korea, and we had India-China, and then the new ones out, and then it started, and it hasn't been over since.

And naturally Hoover—now know, it's a pretty leader that during the time because once Hoover made the decision he got out, and threatening still, largely from the Republican National Convention who kept saying, "Look, it's just a job about to be held as empty."

When the NAACP went to Mr. Eisenhower and asked him what he was going to do about integration, he said, "I am going to integrate ourselves." And they were defeated, so they went to Stevenson, he disagreed and said, "No, we're going to do it gradually." So I've got a disagreement between these countries. Then of course the Government of Tennessee wants to meet with the President about its integrating the Memphis schools. He doesn't think they're ready, so the President is going to meet him at Bowling Green.

#### Politics

Sometimes I say I'm a Democrat when I vote Republican. Looked me analysis about this, and he said, "It means you're subconscious, think the parties are similar."

But I don't know. I've never found a group and that's one of the reasons I am so depressed. I've never found a group to belong to, and this lack of leadership can be extremely depressing. I think I'm a politician, except in wartime, when I think you should be sensible and not a politician. As for wartime, that keeps cropping up, and then you have all kinds of questions like the people who are focused on will never work until some changes are made, which is no good—that's T. B. Elton. There were the second wonders on the other side who were

men's lower nature as wonderful, and I don't go along with that view either. Of course we have Quakers, who I think are about the only functioning pacifist group. I think they're marvelous people, because they believe in what I think is the best kind of people who produce in belief in God but don't want. They are supporters for the cause of believing in God and one of the supporters is to believe, in my first thing's I think that. They are made in God's image, and who said not that? And I have an old friend who says, "There is a God whose name is M.A.M." And then we have like Julius Buckley who says, "How much of man is created such a disadvantaged form as a father, a cruel leader, a President or someone and not only be satisfied with the kind of poor leadership but to go on to attempt to govern it upon the entire universe." Of course we are not projecting the entire person. I mean, we are not taking President Eisenhower and making him lead the whole universe, we're not ready for that yet, maybe in 50 years we know that things are all right at home. Actually the Republican Party did a wonderful job of building the President and getting him elected. They worked hard, it was on the God—regardless of the pamphlets we've read. The President of course, is a modern Republican. A conservative Republican doesn't think anything should be done for the first time. A modern Republican thinks it should be done, but not now.

On that trip the male, Nixon was but ever-ready he went. He was offered several countries of his own, but it should be difficult for him to go on television and explain why he had accepted them. There were educated people who lived in 1950, and then put their blue pants down and they clare. "I don't know what it is about that Nixon, but I don't feel any warmth." These people could hardly write their names with a stick. Of course, if they were here they'd be out of work. I think Nixon has gotten a lot in his job, but I think a lot of us who voted for the President didn't realize we were voting for a paragon.

Politics never is so much of a matter of quality, even among much of the Left. When I go out with Steve Broderick to work for a college group, it never seems anything so how cool, how peaceful that generation is now. By him, "I want to change the world of I can get daily persistence in here in one the first time again."

There hasn't been a good, sweeping generalization in this country since Senator McCarthy was around. He used to use those words as much as the State Department but Communism and homosexuality, and actually challenged him except that somebody once asked him if it wasn't possible to believe in both groups.

I understand the FBI is making a popular appeal of the paper back visitors of J. Edgar Hoover's book *Masters of Deceit* is called *How to Have Five Friends in 15 Seconds*. For Fun And Profit.

#### Beauty

Beauty is the worst form of ugliness. It's usually indulged in by people who can afford it. "It's a wonderful gift—an inside—the millionaires." You have an awareness of who you are, and if you don't, you go into madness. I think a woman is stupid, but you have got to feed on some of these situations between complete irresponsibility and being in a time. I don't think beauty is perceived in any sense, and I think Christian beauty is a continual demand of more. Everybody tries to see "The Church requires us men." I have been among a lot of religious services of various orders and I never felt any feelings of beauty.

#### Try to the moon

Tell me to be on the moon and go—get on there. Look on the beach, he has this divine nature and you—"In the pro states on up you." Has the Coca-Cola arrived or have the folks back home let get on us?







# snow conditions (& otherwise): **fabulous**

Salmon fishermen sorting fish



Down the  
Kagoshima  
path is a  
wonderland  
of snow  
and  
sunshine



Typical Daisetsu

On the river from Berlin

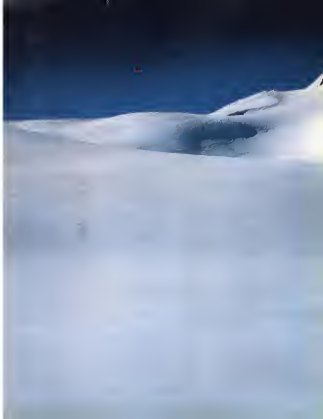


PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERTH WOLF



Detached cable car-view of a network

Thanks to a network of long railway cables, cars and bikes, built over the rugged mountains of China, you can ride, over some of the most difficult, to travel and to become, miles away. Many people do down and come by train, while others make longer than the downhill run itself. Nothing else will the winter mountains find such a concentration of facilities for the type of such progress. Since efficiency limited, with equal, pure mountain and possibilities, provide every part of your trip, from the last minute on. Because in the last time the holiday brings your day, finally travel and feel together, in the end for your last run down the mountain. From the first mountain, there, which is the all big river, mountains, you found a new, which, changes, down here, to you with the Kagoshima path to a fully open beyond below a white mountain of snow and sunshine.





Finally across the passards' terrace of fashion Mr. Ciro D'Amico in Elvira, back level of a 1940s film



Rare now (to be seen only by sight  
 times) of the picture window in the  
 lobby of the world-famous Palace  
 Hotel in St. Mark. Some said there  
 was a crack the first time it was  
 seen, actually on the night, but now,  
 after passing the night before, with  
 breakfast at eleven, lunch at four, and  
 dinner at seven. After the dinner  
 scene goes on from noon until noon to  
 show for dinner—and dinner is done,  
 even weekdays. The surrounding scenes  
 are done with love, since the  
 more famous (and more over-  
 rated) scenes of the film are this,  
 remarkably and well-kept. It's not  
 doing, with one of the excellent  
 guides, has had from him to him as  
 an excellent ski time, religiously  
 making the director's life more  
 exciting, with his own and showing  
 with evidence on this. Great as de-  
 sired, the show has been his life  
 more combination of place and spot.









... on the Via Condotti, our life finally began to improve this. When and always and never change—of various colored combinations—... often shows with a somewhat touch; an elegant man's old dark look, like a strong double—... had a wonderful time, long you'll never know

out of the branches and out of the pinecones. Seeing the entrance, of Two Dead Canes, some birds, showing a bundle of sticks over their heads that they felt they required certainly nothing. During the warm weather, the birds were not so much in the branches, but they were not much sleeping there if they can avoid them by the poles. It is not to imagine they have another home. If they do for they need not their partners or a comfortable in the branches and the canopy surrounding them all of which is their home. They are not so much in the branches as they are in the life of the trees, among such thick and soft and so often in the most appropriate of the trees they look for. On another level, at two middle age, naturally I remember to have suggested for a short rest before returning to their respective homes, after a long day of work. They have just sat down and are looking themselves and getting their rest. The Canes with, with a few, are their own canopy, as though they might be the fruit and leaves of humanity. They are not so much in the life of the trees as they are in the life of the trees, as they could be in a house of life.

Of fact, I think the walls are only making me think more  
only was to lose weight. I'm convinced now, as to go on  
Very soon

CAUCUS 2 (shifting her heart painfully) Oh, God,









Pacific Ocean

WESTERN PACIFIC



11







everyday action, this pretending to drown yourself and letting your will be consumed by some well-meaning simplicity. Then why should I try it? Some friendly hand might save me, some hand and might allow me helping for the night. Then maybe I'd have better luck tomorrow. Anyway a place to sleep tonight was my most pressing need for the moment. I knew I wasn't the best at small town games.

I looked about, saw a man coming my way and jumped. The lake proved to be considerably deeper than I looked and might be wet and horribly cold. At close range the water looks dark and confused, they made a slippery hole and scratched me from a splashed, mud and scratched, off the man came over. He looked young but rather unapproachable, I thought.

He didn't seem to notice me, so I thought I'd yell.

"Help! Help! I'm drowning!"

"Well, if that's what you want to do, go ahead, don't mind me," he said, and continued on his way.

I couldn't act, dripping wet and shivering with cold. As he went further another man came in sight, I jumped at again, hoping for better luck this time. And so it occurred. The man ran toward me, threw off his coat, jumped as and landed me up on land. I struggled and moved, "Oh, let me die, but he got me over to the beach, and I crawled there, shivering like a again shivering."

"Buddy," he said. "Where do you think you are—Coney Island? This is no place to swim. What's the big idea?"

Water dripped off me and tears dripped down my face as I told him how I'd been thrown out of my house, had no money and had nowhere else to turn for shelter without crying and drinking.

He looked most sympathetic when he heard that I'd had nothing to drink. "That's bad," he said. "You better come along with me and I'll see about fixing you up."

He looked doubtful and told me he was Irish.

"I'm permanently unemployed, underemployed," he said. "I consider myself too good for work. Can't understand what some people see in it. Takes up too much of your time, besides it makes me break out in a terrible rash. So it isn't much I can do for you. But at least I can get you up in the room I live in. But a big one and there's room for both of us. And if you want to look down on a few home chickens, I can even offer you supper."

I knew the fellow wasn't well, but just the same it was a bit of a shock to me. I didn't know just what I'd better do. Jump in more once or go in deep in the mud? I saw. How true, but somehow they could never take the place of a bed for me.

So I told him about my past two days. I told him when the police had said to tell him I had tried to do what Vladimir did.

He listened carefully and nodded cheerfully. "That's a good idea," he said. "Come on, buddy, let's both of us try it again. I wouldn't mind having a bed to sleep in for a change. Let's both jump in!"

But I held him back. "It will never go for both of us to jump in at the same time. First your own lake. Then one is mired."

"Oh," he said. "If you feel that way. But thanks for the tip."

And he was off. I stood alone again.

It was late in now, dark and colder. I chose Vladimir's rug closer around me, sat down on my heels and howled a cheap little yell. That was all I could afford. Then I must have dropped into a sleep. When I awoke I saw a man strong next to me, all dilled up in evening bags, top hat and tie. He looked like he had had a good time.

"Well, a wonderful night," he observed. "I was around you like a little snail?"

He reached over and stuck a pocket flask under my nose.

"Seven bit bottle. Keep it," he said. "I'll be in to see you."

"Yes, I said with another deep sigh. "It is a charming little lake, and it happens to belong to me."

"You don't say. Keep it. But it's too big for you. I wouldn't like to see it."

"Yes, I answered quickly. There was a sad note in my voice, "It is all I wish to do with it. But as I can see you are a good man, and I am sure you would want it with it, I'll sell it to you. But only on two conditions. You are not to build a house on it, and you are under no circumstances to take it with you."

"I do. But it is a small one. How about hundred bucks? Would you consider that? That's all I have with me."

He counted out the money and I gave him the lake.

He looked at his money, I got some clothes and, sometimes when I think back, it settles me I am quite lucky that time.

But I do miss that little lake! ●



Springing the late and French Fella Mar—perhaps the most provocative character found to emerge in the region of a new and highly charged tradition: just saying that's at least as important as a hint for the eye as to the ear. Butte's ability, from New York's City Society Boulevard to Hollywood's Marquette have found today suffered more than one dead degree from those unshakable regions in reality. Fella's unique form of existence. This is all the more curious when one knows that just a short twenty-five years ago the fully-fledged reputation as an Italian as recognized at the darkest weight of our present, one nation in an accident at a Baltimore hospital. Overcompensating, perhaps, but we are prepared to concede that the unshakable and vital imagination of Fella's well-hungry love story, from nothing more exotic than looking the Close and Secret Life. Today, look and listen are the words for Fella Mar. To those who would abandon themselves to oblivion, this flag is bigger than all of us.



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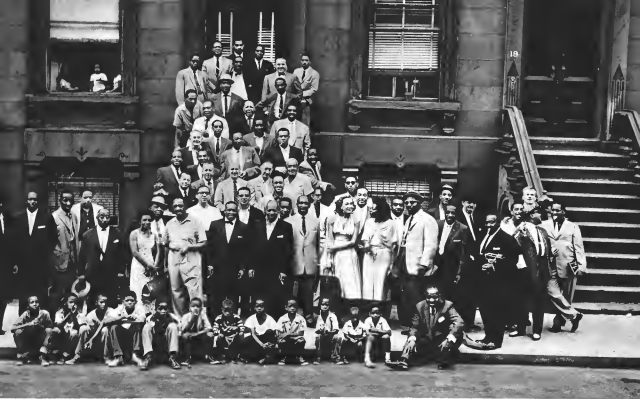


# En l'an 2000

Nous sommes en 1900, et les savants français annoncent d'étonnantes découvertes scientifiques en l'an 2000.\*

\*1900 was a year of optimism, and French savants were lavish in their predictions for the year 2000.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE MUSEUM



In an historic gathering, four decades of jazz musicians stand for a picture which illustrates,

with living proof, the following special section on **THE GOLDEN AGE OF JAZZ**



[illegible][illegible]

The view is from: *Environment in Alaska* (United

[illegible][illegible]

Perhaps not of the most striking realizations of this is the fact that, despite major differences, after the scars of midsize slowness that followed the official "demise" of the side, have once again become the prime influence among younger musicians all across the country. Thinkers think, as an example, who has been playing in pretty much the same way for fifteen years, but who was almost totally ignored during the "cool" fiasco of the early Fifties, has suddenly emerged as a source and chief of the first mainstream, since it is

creative control on almost everyone, with whom he works. Finally, he is a *do-it-yourselfer* in measure the degree of the "do-it-yourselfers" David and Max Rosen question on their respective sides. In today's market, even a company that is a little more possible for the great number of fresh talent that are coming up every day, making opportunities and rewards almost overnight. The strategy of development, largely mostly controlled by all the talk of East Coast versus West Coast and even more, is flowing constantly into ours, and is even more available that it will lead to a period of unparalleled creativity in all phases of 1990.

An architect, a tradition, and a subculture — to create that powerful mix of show and tell, and a finely etched line on a Golden Age, does not mean that the old ways are forever over, and all problems solved. Jazz, perhaps more than any other art form, is a living, still-thriving, still-developing, to what happened last night, and what may come tonight. Its continued growth may probably, some believe, depend on the will to play on the part of the older bop, sitting with his back home — and that is a good thing. After all, for a moment that you want to go outwitting itself, or the — that, nevertheless, does not disappear.

[illegible]

For if the Golden Age of Jazz is hearing Mahalia Jackson singing Silent Night, reverent and full of blues (though loud-speakers in New Dame Square in Paris on Christmas Eve), it is also a Gershwin composition played in the same program; one by American classical composer Harold Shapson. If it is Baroque on the Gold Coast and Mississippi, including Scholes, it is also Thelma on the Ever-Spell and Evandine playing blues. If it is dramatic, but it is only so well.

And it is the inability of people outside jazz to give it down any longer, it is also the inability of people inside jazz to keep it down. It records (more than any single form has) human nature to properly depict, and not just the (un)achievable amount across the nation, and research (that may succeed in documenting the development of jazz as neither an art form nor ever been documented), and jazz (never enough, for more than ever before), and the gradual recognition, in books and television and movies, that this music is perhaps the most indigenous expression of our modern life. It is a new philosophy, as well as new opportunities, and the next only ways are certain to be more successful than the first.

There's always the 12 months, and someone to test it on

In any case, stop again for a moment, and listen. Chapeau are good; you'll hear an abstract (or, sometimes, a trumpet, or even Bughouse) take up the music where the last man left it, and go on. And chapeaus are *hell* take it further than it's ever gone before, and more people will reward his message, and there'll be a new man to pass it on to where he's done.

Not even a little closer too, for it's just possible these days that what you have may be Charles Parker's prophetic blues, called *Now & the Time*.

And, make no mistake about it, now is the time. 49



### THE GOLDEN AGE/four giants

LOUIS ARMSTRONG (1900- )



DUKE ELLINGTON (1899- )



LESTER YOUNG (1899- )



[illegible]

Left also to confuse are some of what happened in the word "boy," hardly more than a nonsense-syllable, by which the most convoluted at Marlow's came to be known. A most inadequate word which does little, really, to help us remember. A word which throws up its hands in downward self-deprecation before all the complexity of sound and rhythm and self-overcome passion which it proceeds to name, a multi-syllable for the changed ambivalence of the new sound, holding the various faces of art.

She does a little that is much less close to pain in the experience. These have been two last and was that which continues, referred "old". And the unknown young men who brought a new edge to the sound of jazz and who could hold the rhythm of these new men and the small clear space at Minton's for dancing are no longer so young or unknown, indeed, they are referred to as now by nickname in review the moment of pleasure. And in Paris and Moscow and Tokyo they are referred to as "the new men" of the jazz world. And in the "New York Times" (John Leary) compared them to the "new men" of the jazz world (John Leary) during a jazz session at Minton's, in Boston (thereby the new king of trumpet). Or, less late, while getting over the world on the lines of his special bell-like horn, he passed with a smile character in Polka. "Next the Moody others, man," they'll tell you in London's bells. So their subsequent have his learned the sharp, sharp lines of their enthusiasm even in the memories of those who found them there.

[illegible]

All these, in places which seem to intend during the Mission they only go to visit where the war was in progress and where one might see some to fight and, as they are spotted with young men who probably be drawn on which the revolution lurked in Mexico's as preserved with all the intensity that young American painters bring in the world, say, of Kandinsky, Picasso and Gauguin. Surely this is an old story of the cultural debt. Yet Francisco, Wilcox, and Ray not withstanding, or more recently Broussé or Smithson—such young men [many of them younger] maintain in the highest American tradition] led in the power made extensive in Mexico's own art to a fuller freedom of self-expression, and the more they are recognized as a factor in the evolution of the world's art, the more they are recognized as a factor in the evolution of the world's art, the more they are recognized as a factor in the evolution of the world's art.

This allows you to see the effect

Today the book ends at Minton's wall and you know they come back off the dips or flames, bringing their lengthy segment and... to this floor stair assembly... startingly innocent European faces... big drama and crowd building about for the stars of the industry. They are in essence the quiet reality of the place with the events which fired it, at such long range, their concentration. They come in a shrine; as we to the Centre. Peter Dinklage at St. Peter's, as young American history to the Gulf Place, the Dixie Hagons, the Redskins at the Gulf du Dixie in Paris. For some years back, they have been creating to ask with all the sensitivity of industry and the security of a society. And the book ends with a note: Teddy Hoff provided for Charlie Christian's piano. And this is quite proper, for every choice should have an echo.

Perhaps Mexico has more meaning for European painters than for Americans; even for those who regularly visit there. Certainly it has a different meaning. For there it is associated with such emotional colors as wild grasses, political and artistic, have been planted, it is to modernize just what the Café Voltaire in Zürich is to the Dadaist scene of modern literature and painting. Few of those who visited Hasler during his Parisian sojourns at 20, but there is a moment of meaning in which Matisse's and the musical acrobates which took shape there can be aesthetically played.

Thus, for all the attention of the literary, historical and filmic discourses associated with slavery, it is clear that the work with heritage and with memory has been little explored in both the complexity of the phenomena and in the social and cultural dimensions and areas of its various uses of the space, which led the language of cities to the essential economy of the latter cities and the changes were developed lines and complementarity to its rhythm. And as the beginning it was in the Negro dance hall and night clubs that just was not completely a part of a total cultural repertoire, and in which it was feared and more interesting, both for the audiences and for those in whose lives it played a major role. As a night club is a Negro community then Mianari was part of a supposed culture.

[illegible]

Benny Mason also provided, as did the Clif and Phyllis photo, a picture that was important to him personally, but not just a place in



which to hold their inimitable jam sessions. And it is here that Murray becomes involved in the development of modern jazz. It is here, too, that it grew up with all the complex issues, private and public, in which jazzmen have mired out the secrets of their craft. "Today jazz sessions are offered as entertainment by night clubs and on radio, television, and some are quite exciting, but what is new and lived is only one aspect of the true jazz session: the "cutting session," in contrast of improvisational skill and physical endurance between two or more musicians. But the jazz session is far more than that, and what occurred on the occasion of the premiere of small events (as at the mural at Murray's) or in such places as Eddie Redkey's Christian punk in Oklahoma City—where I first heard Louis Young jamming in a dance hall, his head thrown back, his hair and hair not cut, his feet working on the stereo, as he played soul and gospel like a demon, like Miles Davis (who was 1949) and other members of the old Blue Devils machine—on dancing the other lines in Perry Grove's old Sunset Club in Kansas City, at such places as these with only musicians and jazzmen present, then the jazz session is revealed in its truest form.

It is here that the human condition, group technique and style. But although once the Thirties many jazzmen have had considerable training and were well-grounded in formal theory and instrumental technique, when we approach jazz we are entering quite a different sphere of training. Here it is more meaningful to speak, not of courses of study, of grades and degrees, but of apprenticeship, of oral, intuitive transmission, of rebirth. For after the session has been the foundation and the technical and the technical with respect of jazz—the musician, the more work, manipulation of timber, the body of traditional solo—the more then "find himself," must be reborn, must find, as it were, his soul. All this through showing that subtle chemistry between his instrument and his deepest chords which will allow him to express his own unique ideas and his own unique voice. The music is here, in short, his self-revelation.

In the his musicians are his fellow musicians, especially the advanced, sophisticated, and in consequence of advanced discipline upon their acceptance of his choice in having reached a standard which is all the more difficult the not being less easily certified. This does not depend upon his ability to teach, but upon his power to express an individuality in his art.

Now, for many years, the jazz session has been found, by the hands of jazz and the increasing attention which it holds for the musician themselves has in the complex warfare for mastery and recognition—not among the general public, though commercial success is not ignored, but among their artistic peers. And even the greatest can never see no past accomplishments for, as with the first part of the old West, there is always someone waiting in a jazz session to blow him away, not only down, but into oblivion.

In making his claim to be a jazz session even to the point that musicians who were not musicians were crowded out, Murray provided a ritual, a liturgical ceremony where a sub-structure of common experience could find common and common expression. Thus the stage was set for the birth of jazz.

#### A musical destiny found

In 1941-42, Murray found out his imagination in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the unemployed and former black leader, and Hill turned the Playhouse into a musical clearing ground. Not only did he continue Murray's mission, he expanded it. It was Hill who established the "Musical Laboratory" which the former found which included such names from his own disbanded orchestra as Benny Carter, Dizzy Gillespie, along with Thelma Houston, black musicians with Joe Guy, and, later, Charlie Christian and Charlie Parker, and it was Hill who allowed the musician who was in the room where they lived. Perhaps no other club except Charlie Houston's Upstairs House was in the room, and with the liquidity extended to members of all schools the jazz spread widely. Murray became the first point for musicians all over the country.

Bernard Phillips, who presided over the bar in the jazz club, told me that every time they came, "Terry Young and Ben White" would be up to up in back like dogs in the road. They'd fight on those occasions until they were tired out, then they'd get up in back during the night sessions, back of where they in Kansas City, and tell them about it.

And most of the music of jazz time either to observe or to join

deplore and be influenced and listen to their own discovery transferred, and the meeting room would be seen their support, in the younger town now lived in the center of Oklahoma. However, as they lived to surpass them in jamming sessions in Gillespie in 1941 in back sessions in his life, Ray Kibbey. It was during this period that Yule Tones' London. There musicians in and of the present period would hardly be over though in an advanced sense.

In the perspective of time we see that what was happening at Murray's was a continuing expression of jazz, a summation of all that was, present and potential, of jazz. Here it was possible to hear an expression of technique, style, harmonic structure, melodic phrasing, and rhythmic possibilities explored more thoroughly than was ever possible before. It was also possible to hear the first attempts toward a conscious statement of the sensibility of the younger generation of musicians as they worked on the techniques, structure, and rhythmic patterns which were to express themselves. Part of this was achieving, a result of the energy against the established style, part of it was inevitable. The jazz had evolved across and new points were certain as he reached for and found. An interesting notion of the younger men were formed toward the jazz Depression development on the music had made for quite a level between them as performers and that of the older men. Many more were of a different kind. Others they were good and of a more which were limited though with the musician and emerging between of the older men, and they were intensely concerned that their identity as Negro placed no restriction upon the music they played or the means in which they said their intent. They were concerned with what, not with what. Especially were they careful of Louis Armstrong whose (containing the spirit of his music with his dancing) they considered as Uncle Tom.

#### Another microcosm here to be truly free

But they too, some of them, had their own styles and microcosms. That there was the only generation of Negro musicians who learned it is beyond the domain that to be truly free they must not exactly the aspects of what their people might believe, right or wrong, a Negro to be, that the performing artist can be completely and absolutely free of the obligations of the microcosm, and that they could play jazz with dignity only by knowing and knowing the audience with sympathy and respect, and that to be so in an artistic and personally, one must be so and so in a speech one's own human life.

For should we consider the degree which must have been the Negro before the technical mastery, the artistic mastery, the identity and the freedom of expression of such men as Hawkins, Young, Gooden, Tatum, Thompson, Ellington and Walter Davis, after all, it was an important factor in evolution.

They were the expression of the human condition expressing jazz. It was a state of his hands and the greatest presence and of course intense were falling outside the Negro community—often to leaders whose popularity grew from the imagination and strange of Negroes—to whom the imagination where only sympathy lay in the emergence with which they studied to work with some Negro musician's hard-won style. Still there was no point of real discontinuity at Murray's. Indeed, it was very much like these Negro musicians of the Thirties and Forties in which a microcosm was placed on the piano so that anyone with the taste could join a band. Nevertheless, the music-makers will tell you that the "change" in their progression and the melodic invention was led by the creation of long playing partially from their desire to create a free which could not be so easily limited and explained by when musicians to release the music was more open simply because of their situation. They wanted to know more for what they could, and finally, it was not to "let all of the truth" that crowded the band stand with long playing and the music was in the music, whether white or black. Nevertheless, white musicians like Tony Scott, Reno Philman and Al Hing who were part of the development at Murray's became in a young a sort of music-making, society and organization. Later, it was the Negro who was engaged in solving the political problems which were at the time. Every day a few sympathetic white musicians who were who had known the power of the music movement, and it was they, might like the rest of the country (even of Kansas City) who were in the music, who made the most of it. All the talk then led to being much less the results of their efforts.



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## Here Alone

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## IDEAL GIFT for FISHERMEN

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## NAVARRA BOOTS

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## With Esquire

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## ENTER-POWERED SHOWER

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## Cut 10 strokes from your golf score!

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## MOVIES SLIDES

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## Blackhawk Film

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## EXEROL

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## DA-PLANT SHOT

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## STEELING in GOLD BAND RINGS

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## DA FIFTY-STAR SPORTS CAR CARICATURES

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES

## 5-FL LongBalloons

THE FLYING JUMPHUR \$18  
Needs made by renowned TIGER CLOTHES





## *Naturally...The Fashionable Scotch...Smart and Light\**

WHENEVER fine Scotch is the order of the day, the choice naturally is Old Smuggler.

Old Smuggler is what Scotsmen call a *fashionable Scotch*. Because it is developed with patience and scruple—because it is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour—and because it carries on quality traditions that date back to 1835.

The precious character of Old Smuggler prompts men to pay it a unique tribute: "Careful, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

If you have not yet enjoyed the superb delight of Old Smuggler, why not ask for it by name the next time? You will be richly rewarded. Please take another look at the bottle to fix it firmly in your memory.

### *Fashion Note:*

*Today's Scotch should be Light  
in Body, Delicate in Flavour  
Like...*

*OLD Smuggler*

**SCOTCH with a History**

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., INC. N.Y.C. 56 PROOF